



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 12.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies Companion,

The Wife.

A TALE OF AMERICA.

In a darkened chamber, weak and emaciated, was laid the highly gifted Mr. Dale. He, whose talents and ambition had given him a high station in society, and a name not soon to be forgotten, was now surrounded by nurses and physicians. Their subdued whispers, and cautious footsteps were the only sounds he was permitted to hear. He, whose voice had once controlled all who listened to the torrents of eloquence which flowed from his lips, could now only utter a few weak and indistinct murmurs. A disease had long been preying on him—he would not listen to its warnings. It had now prostrated his powers, and confined him, whose energy and ambition knew no limits, to the narrow boundary of his own apartment. His recovery was doubtful—it therefore became necessary to send for his son—his only child—who had been absent about two years, traversing Europe, wherever his inclination led him. Francis immediately obeyed the summons, and was extremely grieved to find his highly gifted parent reduced to such a state—a parent to whom he was attached by the strongest ties of filial affection. The father and son were only allowed a few short interviews, which, after the first emotions of meeting were over, were chiefly employed by Mr. Dale in instructing his son to conduct several important affairs, whose unfinished condition weighed upon and distracted his mind. Francis found it impossible then, to relate to his father all that had befallen him in his absence, though he longed to confide to him the important secret of his heart.

Francis was at first so much occupied by the state of his father's health, the routine of business in which he soon became plunged with the recollections of his own pre-occupied heart, that he scarcely noticed the new inmate of the abode, who had come to reside there during his absence—a young orphan, a ward of his father's, lately from a fashionable

boarding school, and possessing a very large fortune. Rosina Melton—young, rich, beautiful, gay and brilliant, did not often find herself unnoticed, and scarcely understood how it could be possible.

After the arrival of Francis, Mr. Dale revived a little, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. He seemed very anxious that his son should enjoy some relaxations from business, and attendance at his bed. He often urged him to partake of the pleasures of society, as it was then the gayest season at Baltimore; and, above all things, seemed desirous he should attend Miss Melton, wherever she went.

Francis could not behold, without admiration, the extreme and fairy-like beauty of Rosina. Her light and graceful form, her flaxen ringlets, and her radiant smiles, attracted the admiration of every one. Sole mistress of a large fortune, she reigned in the gay circles of Baltimore, a little queen. Capricious as the most indulged beauty ever was, she was so enchanting in her caprice, that she found her slaves willing captives—and she received their homage as one to whom homage was due. Such was the being whom Mr. Dale urged his son to accompany to scenes of gaiety and pleasure—scenes where Francis found himself received with much favor on his own account. Mr. Dale had occupied a distinguished station in society; and Francis, handsome, talented, and fresh from his travels, soon became no insignificant personage. It was not in the nature of youth, perhaps, to withstand the intoxication of all this—and Francis found he received more gratification than he had supposed it possible then to experience. But was the past forgotten? no, there were moments when the cherished image of one far distant returned with all its charms, and memory recalled the pure happiness he had once enjoyed with her. Then all his thoughts, all his plans, tended to hasten their re-union, never to be again separated. When his spirits were depressed by cares, or wearied by business, Francis found in the society of Rosina, amusement and relaxation from thought. Whilst her

lovely sallies and playful caprices kept him by her side, he felt not that he was giving to her any thing which had been pledged to another—for he soon perceived she was not capable of arousing those feelings from the profound depths of the soul, which those who possess them feel, can never be awakened but once. He was flattered to find the beautiful, Rosina, the idol of society, preferring him, and he too thoughtlessly followed the impulse of the moment, to indulge his gratified vanity, whilst the homage of his heart was given to another.

One day, when Francis made his daily visit to his father, he found him sitting up, and looking much better; a flush of joy was in his countenance when he extended his hand to his son. 'My dear Francis,' said he 'my darling plan for your happiness is almost realized; I am indeed a favored father; all my hopes and wishes for you have been gratified.'

'Oh,' replied Francis, 'have my exertions in the — cause met your approbation?'

'I alluded to a more pleasing kind of business,' said Mr. Dale. 'Why my dear son, have you delayed making your father a participator in your happiness, when all Baltimore knows your attachment and devotion to Miss Melton.'

'My attachment and devotion to Miss Melton!' repeated Francis, 'then all Baltimore knows what does not exist.'

'Oh, Francis,' said his father, 'why will you deny that which every one must know, and which will realize all my wishes for your advantage. Your cousin Thornton has just informed me all about it; how devoted you are to her, and that she smiles on you alone. He, you know, was one of her most favored admirers, before your return.'

'It is only the jealousy of an unsuccessful suitor, which causes him to say so,' said Francis.

'But there is my old friend Walton,' answered his father, 'he tells me the same thing; and he, you know, does not often interest himself with the affairs of beaux and belles—even he, unobservant as he is, has

noticed your attention to Rosina. Then, why should I be the last to be informed of that which would give me so much pleasure to hear.'

'They are all mistaken,' replied Francis, earnestly. 'Rosina and I have only sought amusement in each others society.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Dale, gravely, 'your conduct, Francis as far as I can learn, has not been worthy of you. You have given Rosina, and all Baltimore, reason to suppose your attentions were to win her affections; and whilst every one thinks you are engaged, you declare amusement was the only object of all your devotion to her. How can you answer for her sentiments? Surely she must have reason to suppose that your intentions were serious. I should have thought her being my ward, her position in this house, might have secured her from being trifled with by you.'

Francis was silent, for he remembered too well, that no one, most desirous of winning Rosina's regard, could have been more devoted to her. He recalled a long series of attentions which he had rendered her, and sat seriously meditating on his father's words, who was intently watching his son's countenance.

'There is but one thing to be done,' at length said Mr. Dale, 'I need not tell you how you ought to act.'

'It cannot be,' replied Francis, and was proceeding to inform his father of his attachment to another, but Mr. Dale sank back exhausted, and faintly said, 'I cannot bear a disappointment now.'

The physician then entered, who declared Mr. Dale had exerted himself too much; and Francis was dismissed from the apartment. He retired, vexed and annoyed to find his father had so earnestly set his heart upon his union with Rosina. With regard to her, he supposed that she, like him, had only followed the impulses of the moment; amusement being her only object—and through whim, more than any preference, she had bestowed her smiles on him. He determined to withdraw from her society by degrees, and put a stop to his father's false expectations. He had engaged to attend her that evening to a large party. He determined it should be the last. When he entered the drawing room he found her fully attired, in her usually tasteful and fanciful manner—all gaiety and animation. Never did she look more lovely, as with a blushing, smiling consciousness, she addressed some playful observations to Francis; but he merely answered gravely, and turned away. Miss Dale, a maiden sister of his father's, who presided as mistress over the establishment, gazed from one to the other of her favorites with evident satisfaction, until she declared it time to depart. Francis offered

to arrange her shawl, but she said she preferred taking care of herself, and desired him to look to Rosina. Francis, however, allowed her unassisted to wrap her shawl around her, and the unusual task detained her a long time. He offered his arm to lead her to the carriage, and she accepted it, much astonished at his unusual manner. They proceeded in silence, and in the same manner he led her through the hall. After she was seated, he retired to another part of the room. Rosina was extremely surprized, and displeased at the change in the manner of Francis. Notwithstanding the exertions of many to disperse the cloud from her brow, he beheld her through the crowd, spiritless and inanimate—no longer the creature of mirth and joy. He, however, turned away, and commenced dancing with another lady. This was too much for Rosina; this rebellion of one of her most devoted slaves. She granted one of the many claimants to her fair hand, the honor of leading her to the dance. Her spirits and animation returned; her eyes once more sparkled with their usual brilliancy—gay and mirthful sallies issued from her lips.

In the course of the evening, as Francis stood rather retired, looking on the gay scene, he overheard a lady say to a gentleman—'What is the meaning of this—Miss Melton and Mr. Dale scarcely speak to each other; he dances in one room, she in another—this is quite unusual.'

'Oh, some lover's quarrel, I suppose,' answered the gentleman; 'or perhaps the little beauty is tired of him; she has probably amused herself awhile, and now has discarded him. Shall we tell it?'

Francis felt his vanity severely wounded, that any one should suppose him an unsuccessful claimant to Rosina's hand. To have it supposed that she, capricious as she was, should have discarded him, was more than he could suffer; flattered and distinguished as he had lately been in society. 'It will not do,' said he to himself, 'to end my flirtation with Rosina so suddenly it will only make inquisitive people suppose that something important has passed between us; it is better to drop off by degrees.' He approached Rosina, intending to ask her to dance with him, but he found her surrounded by admirers, gay and brilliant; apparently engrossed by them. In vain he tried to attract her attention. She turned from him with an air of the most provoking indifference—she scarcely seemed to know or care whether he addressed her. This was so different from her former flattering manner, he felt the change most sensibly. He perceived a smile on the countenances of several as they witnessed his baffled efforts, and he retreated with a feeling of severe mortification.

Miss Dale soon after proposed to return

home. Rosina was ready to accompany her, and accepting the arm of a young gentleman, proceeded to the carriage. Francis attended his aunt, while Rosina continued her gay sallies to her escort, until the carriage drove away. She then sunk back in silence; and to all Francis' attempts to lead her into conversation she only replied by monosyllables, and scarcely vouchsafed an answer.

When they reached the house they all went to the parlor. Miss Dale only paused whilst she lighted her candle, and immediately withdrew to her room, felicitating herself on her consideration for the young lovers. Rosina threw herself on the sofa, and covered her face with her hands. Francis, feeling silence very awkward, by way of saying something, turned to her and hoped she had passed a pleasant evening. The only reply was a burst of tears.

Much shocked and astonished, Francis approached, begging to know what distressed her; but she leaned her head on the arm of the sofa, and continued weeping incessantly. He seated himself beside her, extremely concerned, and endeavored to console her. She reproached him with indifference, and treating her with caprice. He apologized and explained, but she was not to be easily pacified. He became more and more earnest in his expostulations. Touched by her tears, excited by her beauty, and his flattered vanity combined, he uttered he scarcely knew what, until Rosina understood his words to mean an avowal of the love she had never doubted he had long entertained for her; accustomed as she was to the homage of all hearts. Blushing and smiling through her tears, she listened and favorably replied.

When they separated, as she in a flush of joy was running to her room, Miss Dale arrested her footsteps, and drawing her into her apartment, said, 'Come Rose, dear, tell me all about it, I know you and Francis have settled every thing long ago; so let me know, do, dearest.' Rosina, artless and undisguised, threw herself into the arms of her kind friend, and allowed her to draw from her the intelligence she so much wished to hear. After a long, long gossip, in which various minor matters were arranged, Rosina retired to dream of him who had captivated her youthful fancy, while the predominating sensations of Francis were bewilderment and astonishment. He felt as if impelled by a resistless destiny; he attempted not to arrange his thoughts; he scarcely knew what he wished; he only desired to banish reflection. He sunk on his pillow as if exhausted; his sleep was deep and heavy. The next morning he awoke with a start from a dream of one far away, and his first thoughts were of her, whose image had been too dearly cherished to be obliterated at once. It

seemed as if those thoughts which had been forcibly banished the night before, now returned with redoubled power, and like a torrent rushed over his soul. He feared he had placed an impassable barrier between himself and the one most loved, and he must banish from his memory, if possible, his hitherto dearest recollections. He could not reason, he could not reflect; and hastily dressing himself, went to pay his morning visit to his father. He found his aunt seated beside his father, in close conversation. The subject which they were discussing appeared to be a pleasing one, for each countenance wore a smiling aspect. Miss Dale arose as he entered, saying, as she left the room 'but here comes one who will tell you the rest of the story better than I can.'

'Well, Francis,' said Mr. Dale gaily, 'you will not attempt to deny it now. Why do you delay making your father a partaker of your happiness? you know nothing can give me greater delight than to call the lovely Rosina daughter. Sister Jane has just been telling me, and Rosina informed her last night, the important declaration has been made, and the favorable answer given; in short you are engaged.'

'Engaged,' said Francis sadly, 'are we?'

'Why, really, Francis,' said his father 'you are the strangest, gloomiest successful lover I have ever beheld.'

'Oh, my father,' replied Francis with a tone which alarmed Mr. Dale, 'if you knew all.'

Mr. Dale eagerly questioned him, as to the cause of his grief; and Francis related to him the long deferred tale of an attachment he had formed with a young girl he had met, under interesting circumstances, in Spain. Whilst traveling through Andalusia, he had taken up his abode for a while in a monastery, to explore, at his leisure, the beautiful scenery in the vicinity. In a retired romantic spot, he had accidentally become acquainted with a young girl who resided there with her governess, a French woman. She had a father living, an Englishman, who had strangely left her in this secluded spot, with no other protection than the good monks in the neighborhood. She had not seen him since her infancy. Francis had accidentally been introduced into their residence, and found in the beautiful Ines, his *beau ideal* of female excellence. She was extremely young, it was true, scarcely emerged from childhood; but he thought he perceived in her all the elements of a lovely woman. She was gifted with a mind and understanding of a superior stamp, and Francis found it a delightful task to arouse the dormant energies, which she was scarcely conscious of possessing; and watch the unfolding of the graces and beauties of her character. He scarcely knew how

deeply he was interested, until aroused by the summons to his father. He felt like one awakened from a dream as delightful as mortal ever knew. And Ines, it is impossible to express her grief and dismay, when she found that they were to separate; for Francis had, as if with the wand of an enchanter, opened a new world to her. Madame —, her governess, had perfected her in many accomplishments, but with Francis she had enjoyed the pleasures of intellect and genius. Before they separated they vowed with all the passionate fervor of youth, let what betide them, they would live for each other. Francis departed with a determination that their separation should be as short as the nature of circumstances would permit, and in the meantime, Father Iago consented to maintain a correspondence. Since his return he had received one letter from Madame, containing a postscript from Ines. Francis ended his narrative with bitter regret and sorrow for his own conduct.

'Really Francis,' said Mr. Dale, 'I see nothing so terrible in this affair—a mere boyish flirtation with a little girl—quite a child, who has probably forgotten you long before this.'

'Forgotten me!' replied Francis, 'Oh, no, it is impossible, I know the heart of Ines too well. I know the depth and profundity of feeling of which she is capable, and in that solitude every thing will nourish the sentiment. Shall I deceive a trusting and confiding heart? Shall I leave her to watch and wait for my return until she is informed I have chosen another—that I have been false to her—false to Ines?'

'Indeed, Francis,' said Mr. Dale, with a sarcastic smile, 'I was not aware you were so romantic; those wilds of Andalusia must have inspired you. If you use your own good sense and judgment, you will view the affair in a different light. You must see things as they really are, and not form your opinion from the page of fiction. You have had a few weeks acquaintance with a young girl, scarcely fifteen, and you pretend to judge of her heart and character. You behold her wearing out an existence blighted by your inconsistency—believe me, I know the heart of woman better. Her father, who has unaccountably left her so long, will probably take her into the world when she is a woman. In gay scenes and with gay people she will soon forget the youth who, in that solitude—and being the only person she had ever seen—created a youthful fancy in her breast. On the other hand, here is a creature, who to see is to love. Even your romantic temperament might make her the heroine of your vision. She has given you her heart, I cannot say unasked; for has not your conduct been sufficient to convince her of your sentiments.

Notwithstanding your *first love*,' and he sneered, 'it is evident she has powerfully fascinated you—she has chosen you among many, perhaps equally gifted, and the other had seen no one else. Rosina is your countrywoman, too—has the same sympathies; the same prejudices; the same religion as you—and that is much in married life. No foreigners can feel the same union which those of one country, one home, experience—however congenial their characters may be. Persons as young as you are, I know, usually despise worldly consideration; yet when, you arrive at my age, you will perceive they are of consequence. You, I have always considered as possessing judgment above your years—less blinded by the delusions of youth—more free from the follies of an unbridled imagination;—and it would grieve me much, to find myself mistaken just as a noble career is opened to you. Listen to me with coolness, Francis, and let your father's experience be profitable to you. At your age, I was aspiring, ambitious, beyond all limits. I determined to follow a career which should give me a lofty station among men. I knew I possessed talents—and I despised the distinctions of wealth. But the want of it has been my blight—my stumbling block. In vain I have labored—I have been thwarted, frustrated in all my plans.

'You, my father,' said Francis, 'have you not risen to a high station in society—are you not esteemed, admired—nay, venerated for your unrivaled talents—are you not regarded as an uncommonly successful and prosperous man?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Dale, 'I know they think so—I know I have risen—I have obtained something; but how far below my aim, my plans. You know not my grasping ambition. The world may call me prosperous, successful—but behold me a disappointed man. I may probably live many years, but never more can I take an active part in the business of life. My constitution is so much shattered, that it will take all my care to keep this feeble frame and lofty-struggling soul together. In you I renew my existence. All my hopes, and all my plans are for your advancement; and for your success I am as ardent as I once was for myself. Now every thing has prospered—every thing encourages me to hope, shall I again be disappointed by a foolish boy's romance? The fortune of Rosina will at once place you where you can act freely, and unrestrained by daily incessant endeavors to support an establishment. It will give you an influence with others, which you can use to great purposes. And has a union with Rosina, for herself alone, no charms? Will she not sweetly sooth your private moments—make your domestic life delightful—strew your

path with flowers? There are few who would not make many sacrifices to obtain her, even were she portionless.'

Francis possessed an ardent and affectionate heart; and from early life it had been devoted to his only parent; his filial love and reverence for his father was unbounded—and it was not wonderful his father possessed great power over him. This influence he exerted now, to advance his worldly and ambitious schemes;—sometimes by arguments—sometimes by flattery and often by the sarcastic manner in which he ridiculed every appearance of romance—and Francis was tremblingly alive to ridicule: he obtained his wishes, aided as he was by the charms of the fascinating Rosina. When Francis beheld her beautiful countenance, suffused with blushes of pleasure at his approach, and was aware of her preference for him, over her many admirers, he could only think of her and the happiness of the present moment. When he perceived he was envied by some, felicitated by all for possessing her entirely his own, he could not help congratulating himself on the inestimable treasure he had obtained. Much does the value we place on any thing depend on the opinion of others. Those who consider themselves most independent of such considerations, are often influenced by it. He surrendered himself to the pleasure of her society, and endeavored to drown the remembrance of Ines—of his broken vows—in the constant dissipation of gay company with Rosina. Every difficulty was smoothed—every thing combined to hasten their marriage. An early day was fixed, and splendid preparations hastily made. A few days before, he received a letter from father Iago, inclosing one from Ines. They informed him that Madame ———, the kind friend, the beloved instructress of Ines, after a short illness, had expired. Father Iago had written to the father of Ines, informing him of the event; but Ines had turned to Francis with a sweet reliance and trusting confidence, for comfort in her desolate state—the destruction of one tie, had more closely united her heart to his. With a feeling of despair, he crushed her letter in his hands, and cast it in the flames; and as he witnessed the destruction of the dictates of a confiding heart, he hoped to erase from his memory the recollection of Ines—of his broken faith; but he felt as if his own heart was withered and scorched like the frail memorial he had cast from him. It was in vain he endeavored to suppress such thoughts—the image of Ines seemed to start into fresh existence; the feelings she had excited he found were still buried in the depths of his heart; in vain he fancied they were destroyed. He rushed from the apartment to the society of Rosina. A gay assembly surrounded her, and Francis

appeared the gayest of the gay; and he gazed on Rosina, and tried to imagine himself the happiest. 'She has given me her young and innocent heart,' said he, 'and she shall never know the divided one she has in exchange. If the most devoted attentions can make her happy, she at least shall be so.'

They were married, and for some time were engaged in a routine of gaiety and company. Francis, too conscious that Rosina was deceived by him, indulged her slightest wishes, and most absurd whims. She was the last person in the world to suspect that his attachment was not all it ought to be. Rosina had been so much accustomed to admiration and flattery, that she took them as a right. In a husband she expected to find an adorer, and the most humble of her slaves. Her exactions increased every day, and Francis every day gave way to them. He found it impossible, however, to satisfy her inordinate love of admiration, and her constant desire for variety. When he wished to settle down to the quiet comforts of domestic life, he found she had no taste or inclination for it. Her appetite for novelty and variety had been so freely indulged, that simple pleasures had now no charms for her. Whenever she imagined he failed in any of his former devotion, tears and passionate upbraidings ensued.

These scenes grew more and more frequent as Francis endeavored to attend to other duties. Her brilliant smiles and charming gaiety were only to be obtained by long and painful watching; and whenever he left her for any occupation, he always found a clouded brow awaited his return. By degrees he surrendered more and more of his time to her, until his father began to fear that his gifted son would sink into the slave of a capricious woman. He endeavored to interfere, but he found he only increased the unhappiness of the ill sorted pair. He waited patiently for time to remedy the evil; but time only seemed to rivet the chains of Rosina over the too conscious Francis. Several times Rosina was on the point of becoming a mother, and as often was she disappointed; until her health was completely destroyed. She sunk into a confirmed invalid, with a peevishness of temper which made the home of Francis any thing but a happy one. Nothing now could satisfy her but a continual removal from place to place, in search of health; and only in change of scene could she, as she fancied, obtain it. Francis gave up all occupation, to attend her from clime to clime. Mr. Dale saw, with bitter regret, his ambitious schemes and plans thwarted by a cause apparently insignificant, yet effectual; for Francis thought he could not devote himself too entirely to the suffering and helpless Rosina, to atone for the error he had committed.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From Goodrich's Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.

Josiah Bartlett.

JOSIAH BARTLETT, the first of the New Hampshire delegation who signed the declaration of independence, was born in Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1729. He was the fourth son of Stephen Bartlett, whose ancestors came from England during the seventeenth century, and settled at Beverly.

The early education of young Bartlett, appears to have been respectable although he had not the advantages of a collegiate course. At the age of sixteen he began the study of medicine, for which he had a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

On finishing his preliminary studies, which were superintended by Dr. Ordway, of Amesbury, and to which he devoted himself with indefatigable zeal for five years, he commenced the practise of his profession at Kingston, in the year 1750.

Two years from the above date, he was attacked by a fever, which for a time seriously threatened his life. From an injudicious application of medicines and too close a confinement to his chamber, life appeared to be rapidly ebbing, and all hopes of his recovery were relinquished. In this situation, one evening, he strongly solicited his attendants to give him some cider. At first they were strongly reluctant to comply with his wishes, under a just apprehension, that serious and even fatal consequences might ensue. The patient, however, would not be pacified, until his request was granted. At length they complied with his request, and of the cider thus given him, he continued to drink at intervals during the night. The effect of it proved highly beneficial. It mitigated the febrile symptoms, a copious perspiration ensued, and from this time he began to recover.

This experiment, if it may be called an experiment, was treasured up in the mind of Dr. Bartlett, and seems to have led him to abandon the rules of arbitrary system, for the more just principles of nature and experience. He became a skillful and distinguished practitioner. To him is ascribed the first application of Peruvian bark in cases of canker, which, before was considered an inflammatory, instead of a putrid disease, and as such had been unsuccessfully treated.

This disease, which was called the throat distemper, first appeared at Kingston, in the spring of 1735. The first person afflicted with it, was said to have contracted the disease from a hog, which he skinned and opened, and which had died of a distemper, of the throat. The disease which was supposed thus to have originated, soon after

spread abroad, through the town, and to children under ten years of age it proved exceedingly fatal. Like the plague, it swept its victims to the grave, almost without warning, and some are said to have expired while sitting at play handling their toys. At this time, medical skill was baffled; every method of treatment pursued, proved ineffectual. It ceased its ravages only where victims were no longer to be found.

In the year 1754, Kingston was again visited with this malignant disease. Doctor Bartlett was at this time a physician of the town. At first he treated it as an inflammatory disease; but at length satisfied that this was not its character, he administered Peruvian bark to a child of his own who was afflicted with the disease, and with entire success. From this time the use of it became general, as a remedy in diseases of the same type.

A man of the distinguished powers of Doctor Bartlett, and of his decision and integrity, was not likely long to remain unnoticed, in times which tried men's souls. The public attention was soon directed to him, as a gentleman in whom confidence might be reposed, and whose duties whatever they might be, would be discharged with promptness and fidelity.

In the year 1765, Doctor Bartlett, was elected to the legislature of the province of New-Hampshire, from the town of Kingston. In his legislative capacity, he soon found occasion to oppose the mercenary views of the royal governor. He would not become subservient to the will of a man whose object, next to the display of his own authority, was the subjection of the people to the authority of the British administration.

The controversy between Great Britain and her colonies, was now beginning to assume a serious aspect. At this time, John Wentworth was the royal governor, a man of no ordinary sagacity. Aware of the importance of attaching the distinguished men of the colony to the royal cause, among other magistrates, he appointed Dr. Bartlett, to the office of justice of the peace. This was indeed an inconsiderable honor; but as an evidence of the governor's respect for his talents and influence, was a point of some importance. Executive patronage, however, was not a bait by which such a man as Dr. Bartlett would be seduced. He accepted the appointment, but was as firm in his opposition to the royal governor as he had been before.

The opposition which was now abroad in America against the British government, and which continued to gather strength until the year 1774, had made equal progress in the province of New-Hampshire. At this time, a committee of correspondence, agreeably to

the recommendation and example of other colonies, was appointed by the house of representatives. For this act, the governor immediately dissolved the assembly. But the committee of correspondence soon after re-assembled the representatives, by whom circulars were addressed to the several towns, to send delegates to a convention, to be held at Exeter, for the purpose of selecting deputies to the continental congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia in the ensuing September.

In this convention, Dr. Bartlett, and John Pickering, a lawyer, of Portsmouth, were appointed delegates to congress. The former of these having a little previously lost his house by fire, was under the necessity of declining the honor. The latter gentleman wishing also to be excused, other gentlemen were elected in their stead.

Dr. Bartlett, however, retained his seat in the house of representatives of the province. Here, as in other colonies, the collisions between the royal governor and the people continued to increase. The former was more arbitrary in his proceedings; the latter better understood their rights, and were more independent. The conspicuous part which Dr. Bartlett took on the patriotic side, the firmness with which he resisted the royal exactions, rendered him highly obnoxious to the governor, by whom he was deprived of his commission as justice of the peace, and laconically dismissed from his command in the militia.

From this time, the political difficulties in New-Hampshire greatly increased. At length, Governor Wentworth found it necessary for his personal safety to retire on board the Favey man of war, then lying in the harbor of Portsmouth. From this he went to Boston, and thence to the Isle of Shoals, where he issued his proclamation, adjourning the assembly till the following April. This act, however, terminated the royal government in the province of New-Hampshire. A provincial congress, of which Matthew Thornton was president, was soon called, by which a temporary government was organized and an oath of allegiance was framed, which every individual was obliged to take. Thus, after subsisting for a period of ninety years, the British government was forever annihilated in New-Hampshire.

In September, 1775, Dr. Bartlett, who had been elected to the continental congress took his seat in that body. In this new situation, he acted with his accustomed energy, and rendered important services to his country. At this time, congress met at nine in the morning, and continued its session until four o'clock in the afternoon. The state of the country required this incessant application of the members. But anxiety and fatigue they

could endure without repining. The lives and fortunes of themselves and families, and fellow citizens, were in jeopardy. Liberty, too, was in jeopardy. Like faithful sentinels, therefore, they sustained, with cheerfulness their laborious task; and, when occasion required, could dispense with the repose of nights. In this unwearied devotion to business, Dr. Bartlett largely participated; in consequence of which, his health and spirits were for a time considerably affected.

In a second election, in the early part of the year 1776, Dr. Bartlett was again chosen a delegate to the continental congress. He was present on the memorable occasion of taking the vote on the question of a declaration of independence. On putting the question it, was agreed to begin with the northernmost colony. Dr. Bartlett, therefore, had the honor of being called upon for an expression of his opinion, and of first giving his vote in favor of the resolution.

On the evacuation of Philadelphia, by the British, in 1773, congress, which had for some time held its sessions at Yorktown, adjourned to Philadelphia and in different companies proceeded to that place. Dr. Bartlett, however, was attended by only a single servant. They were under the necessity of passing through a forest of considerable extent; it was reported to be the lurking place of a band of robbers, by whom several persons had been waylaid, and plundered of their effects. On arriving at the inn, at the entrance of the wood, Dr. Bartlett was informed of the existence of this band of desperadoes, and cautioned against proceeding, until other travelers should arrive. While the doctor lingered for the purpose of refreshing himself and horses, the landlord, to corroborate the statement which he had made, and to heighten still more the apprehension of the travelers, related the following anecdote. 'A paymaster of the army, with a large quantity of paper money, designed for General Washington, had attempted the passage of the wood, a few weeks before. On arriving at the skirts of the wood, he was apprized of his danger, but as it was necessary for him to proceed, he laid aside his military garb, purchased a worn out horse, and a saddle and bridle and a farmer's saddlebags of corresponding appearance: in the latter, he deposited his money, and with a careless manner proceeded on his way. At some distance from the skirt of the wood, he was met by two of the gang, who demanded his money. Others were skulking at no great distance in the wood, and waiting the issue of the interview. To the demand for money he replied, that he had a small sum, which they were at liberty to take, if they believed they had a better right to it than himself and family. Taking from his pocket a few small

pieces of money, he offered them to them; at the same time, in the style and simplicity of a quaker, he spoke to them of the duties of religion. Deceived by the air of honesty which he assumed, they suffered him to pass without further molestation, the one observing to the other, that so poor a quaker was not worth robbing. Without any further interruption, the poor quaker reached the other side of the wood, and at length delivered the contents of his saddlebags to General Washington.

During the relation of this anecdote several other members of congress arrived, when, having prepared their arms, they proceeded on their journey, and in safety passed over the infested territory.

On the evacuation of Philadelphia, it was obvious from the condition of the city, that an enemy had been there. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Bartlett describes the alterations and ravages which had been made. 'Congress,' he says, 'was obliged to hold its sessions in the college hall, the state house having been left by the enemy in a condition which could scarcely be described. Many of the finest houses were converted into stables; parlor floors cut through, and the dung shoveled into the cellars. Through the country, north of the city, for many miles, the hand of desolation had marked its way. Houses had been consumed, fences carried off, gardens and orchards destroyed. Even the great roads were scarcely to be discovered, amidst the confusion and desolation which prevailed.'

In August, 1773, a new election took place in New-Hampshire, when Dr. Bartlett, was again chosen a delegate to congress; he continued, however, at Philadelphia, but an inconsiderable part of the session, his domestic concerns requiring his attention. During the remainder of his life, he resided in New-Hampshire, filling up the measure of his usefulness in a zealous devotion to the interests of the state.

In the early part of the year 1779, in a letter to one of the delegates in congress, Dr. Bartlett, gives a deplorable account of the difficulties and sufferings of the people in New-Hampshire. The money of the country had become much depreciated, and provisions were scarce and high. Indian corn was sold at ten dollars a bushel. Other things were in the same proportion. The soldiers of the army could scarcely subsist on their pay, and the officers, at times, found it difficult to keep them together.

During the same year, Dr. Bartlett was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas. In 1782, he became an associate justice of the supreme court, and in 1783, he was advanced to the head of the bench. In the course of this latter year the present

constitution was presented to the several states, for their consideration. Of the convention in New-Hampshire, which adopted it, Dr. Bartlett was a member, and by his zeal was accessory to its ratification. In 1789, he was elected a senator to congress; but the infirmities of age induced him to decline the office. In 1793, he was elected governor of the state, which office he filled, with his accustomed fidelity, until the infirm state of his health obliged him to resign the chief magistracy, and to retire wholly from public business. In January, 1794, he expressed his determination to close his public career in the following letter to the legislature;

'Gentlemen of the legislature—After having served the public for a number of years, to the best of my abilities, in the various offices to which I have had the honor to be appointed, I think it proper, before your adjournment, to signify to you, and through you to my fellow citizens at large, that I now find myself so far advanced in age, that it will be expedient for me, at the close of the session, to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business, to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow citizens have reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state.'

The repose of a private life, however, which must have become eminently desirable to a man whose life had been past in the toils and troubles of the revolution, was destined to be of short duration. This eminent man, and distinguished patriot, closed his earthly career on the nineteenth day of May, 1795, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

To the sketches of the life of this distinguished man, little need be added, respecting his character. His patriotism was of a singularly elevated character, and the sacrifices which he made for the good of his country were such as few men are willing to make. He possessed a quick and penetrating mind, and, at the same time, he was distinguished for a sound and acute judgment. A scrupulous justice marked his dealings with all men, and he exhibited great fidelity in his engagements. Of his religious views we are unable to speak with confidence, although there is some reason to believe that his principles were less strict, than pertained to the puritans of the day. He rose to office, and was recommended to the confidence of his fellow citizens, not less by the general probity of his character, than the force of his genius. Unlike many others, he had no family, or party connexions, to raise him to influence in society; but standing on his own merits, he passed through a succession of offices which he sustained with uncommon honor to himself, and the duties

of which he discharged not only to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens, but with the highest benefit to his country.

MISCELLANY.

Family Government.

Keep your boys in the house on evenings.

This is a duty which many parents seem almost entirely to overlook. If they can get rid of the noise of their boys, and be left to pursue their avocations in peace, they do not stop to inquire where the children are; or are easy, as they are only in the next street, to play with other boys. But O, how often is it, that in this way, is laid the foundation of vices which mar the future character, which in their progress destroy both the body and soul. Here, away from parental restraint, often commences the first oath. I once asked a boy who was conversant in these scenes but who had not got so far in evil as some of his companions, whether there was much *swearing* among the boys in the streets? He replied, 'Some.' I asked further, is there the most swearing in the day time, or in the evening? Without hesitation he answered, 'in the evening.' This was as I had suspected. I asked him why it was so! He replied he did not know. I presume it was a subject on which he had not reflected, and only spoke the *fact* as it was recalled to his mind by my question. But I could not help thinking that the darkness of evening, the greater number which collect together, and the feeling that they are then more secure from the observation of others, is the cause; and that these evening gatherings are particularly unfavorable to the morals of our youth. How can parents, who have the least regard to the morals of their children, suffer them to be exposed to such baneful influence? Better would it be for their own families, and for the community at large, if they would devote their evenings to their children, though other things should be neglected. We have spoken of swearing only—but this stands not alone. The evil practice of smoking tobacco is another thing extensively learned by boys thus congregated together in the street on evenings. This is a practise, which in time usually leads to intemperance. Cold water has a vapid and disagreeable taste to those who become established in cigar-smoking, and something stronger is sought after, to satisfy this corrupt taste. He that would spare himself the pain of beholding his son, when full grown, the victim of intemperance and profaneness, would do well to place an early restraint on his acquiring a love of tobacco, and a frequent mingling with sinful companions in the street on evenings. O, that parental obligation may be more deeply felt,

and that one parent may help and not hinder another in the great work.

The Widow of Naples.

THERE dwelt in Naples a matron named Corsina, wife of a worthy cavalier known as Raomondo del Balzo. Now it pleased heaven to take the husband of Corsina, leaving her an only child, named Carlo, who was in every way the counterpart of his father. Thus the mother resolved that he should inherit all her fortune, and determined to send him to study at Bologna, in order that he might learn all the accomplishments of his age. With this view she secured a master for her son, furnished him with books and every other necessary, and, in the name of heaven, sent him to Bologna. There the youth made rapid progress, and in brief time became a ripe scholar; and all the students admired him for his genius, and loved him for the excellence of his life. In course of time the boy became a young man, and, having finished his studies, prepared himself to return home to Naples, when he suddenly fell into a sickness, which defeated the skill of all the physicians of Bologna. When Carlo found that death was inevitable, he thus ruminated with himself:—'I am not afflicted for my own sake, but for my disconsolate mother, who has no child save me, in whom she has garnered all her earthly hopes, and from whom she looks for future support, and for the regeneration of our house. And when she knows that I am dead, and that, too, without her even seeing me, sure I am, she herself will suffer a thousand deaths.'—Thus did he lament more for his mother than himself. Now, dwelling on these thoughts, he conceived a plan by which he hoped to lessen the bitterness of his death to his parent; to which end he wrote her a letter in the following words:—

'My dearest Mother—I entreat that you will be pleased to send me a shirt made by the hands of the most cheerful woman in Naples—a woman who shall be free from every sorrow—every care.'

This letter was dispatched to his mother, who instantly disposed herself to fulfil the desires of her son. She searched throughout Naples, and where from outward appearance, she hoped to meet the woman free from sorrow, there she learnt a story of some lurking grief—some deep, though well disguised affliction. At this Corsina said, 'I see there is no one free from misery—there is no one who hath not her tribulation: and they, too, who seem the happiest, have the deepest cause of wretchedness.' With this conviction she answered the letter of her son, excusing herself for the non-fulfilment of her commission, assuring him that, with all her search, she could not discover the person

whom he desired might make the garment. In a few days she received the tidings of her son's death: it was then she felt the full wisdom of the lesson he had taught her, and with meekness and resignation bowed to the will of God. [The above is from the Italian of Florentio: the original story is disfigured by the faults of the age (1307) in which the author wrote. We have endeavored to present to our readers the exquisite sentiment of the tale, separated from the dress. Florentio, is, we believe, but little known to English readers: he is, however, well worthy of their acquaintance.—*Quarterly Review for July.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity! the only theme that confuses, humbles, and alarms the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp any defined time however vast; but this is beyond time and too great for the limited conception of man. It has no beginning, and can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, cannot be added unto, you may attempt to subtract from it but it is useless. Take millions and millions of years from it, take all the time that can enter into the compass of your imagination it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost. Think on! the brain becomes heated and oppressed with a sensation too powerful for it too bear, and reason totters in her seat, and you rise with the conviction of the impossibility of a creature attempting to fathom the Creator; humiliated with the sense of your own nothingness, and impressed with the tremendous majesty of the Deity.

PROPER TIME OF RISING.—Among the curiosities of Apsley House is the truckle bed in which the Duke of Wellington sleeps. 'Why it is so narrow,' exclaimed a friend, 'there is not even room to turn in it.' 'Turn in it!' cried his Grace—'when a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out.'

JUDICIAL WIT.—'Take off your hat, man,' cried Lord Abinger to an amazon in a riding-dress, who appeared as a witness in a nisi prius court of a certain county town. 'I'm not a man,' replied the indignant lady. 'Then,' said his lordship, 'I'm no judge.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.—The freshness and beauty of Spring—the glory and radiance of Summer, have alike faded away, and Autumn, sad visaged Autumn, the solemn follower of the smiling twain, who came to us, a messenger from the bounteous Giver of all good, laden with the fruits of the earth, is now fast hasting away, his decaying robes already falling about him and crumbling beneath his desolating tread. The scar and falling leaves have ever been

considered as fitting emblems of the mortality of man and the frailty of his earthly hopes. As withereth and falleth the leaf, and is borne away by the breezes of Autumn, so perish, and are whirled down the stream of time, the sublunary hopes of man, and he sees them no more forever. His friends and his neighbors fall around him, and where are they?—'Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' Some are borne away in their early Springtime, with the blossoms of hope and happiness fast clustering around them; others in their golden Summer's prime, or in the Autumn of their days are laid in the 'narrow house'—the house appointed for all living; and some, a few, linger till the frosts of age have settled on their heads and the days come when they say we 'have no pleasure in them;' but all sooner or later must yield to the fell destroyer. We are wont to dread the Autumnal season, as one of melancholy and of gloom, as bringing with it thoughts of death and decay, of the graveyard and the tomb; as a grisly mentor sent to warn us that the Winter of Death is fast approaching, and that though e'er so long delayed, yet come it will to all. But surely our old friend, of rueful memory, has in his present visit been gentle in his monitions, indulging us, almost to the end of his career, with many sunny days, which like the deceptive bloom that glows on the hollow cheek, and the unnatural fire that gives lustre to the eye of the consumptive, and would feed our hopes and beguile us to the last, it would seem, must be sent but to flatter us into the belief that we have fallen upon the enchanting season of soft-breathing Spring, whose renovating breezes cause the earth to rejoice in newness of life, instead of the season of death and decay. But a truce to all melancholy cogitations, they do but chill the warm current of life and drink up the sluices of the heart—let us give them to the winds that will ere long whistle around us, and when the fiends of a disordered imagination, melancholy and despair, would come, let us look forward to that glorious Springtime; which, when the Winter of Death is past, will bloom for us in a brighter land, and with a more enduring beauty than is given to the short-lived Springs that cheer us on our journey through this vale of tears.

To Correspondents.

The communications of 'T. T.', 'Incog,' and 'C,' though we feel ourselves much indebted for their good will, are, for various reasons, unnecessary to mention, declined.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Whately, Ms. \$3.00; H. B. Erieville N. Y. \$2.00; B. S. Branchport, N. Y. \$0.81; W. C. E. Massillon, O. \$0.75; W. C. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; L. I. D. West Day, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. C. Wetumpka, Al. \$1.00; P. W. A. West Greton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Sherburne, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. K. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.64; M. H. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; G. F. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$5.00; N. C. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; Eagle Pr. Clamont, N. H. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Benjamin Clapp, esq. of New-York, to Miss Jane Frances, daughter of Frederick Jenkins, esq.

In Hillsdale, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Horace Spencer, Mr. Norman Spencer, to Miss Deidamia Terry, all of the same place.

In Coxsackie, on the 5th inst by the Rev. J. Searle, Mr. Peter Winans, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Capt. Jacob Jansen.

At the same place, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Searle, Clinton De Witt, esq. to Elsie, daughter of the late Abraham Van Dyck.

DIED.

In this city on the 5th inst. Emarlies, daughter of Wm. W. and Sally Truesdall, aged four months and eight days.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Boston Spectator.

The Victim of Slander.

I saw her, when the glow of health
On her fair cheek was proudly seated;
Then, friends were hers, and envied wealth,
And smiles the youthful Emma greeted.
Young love for her a chaplet twined,
It well became her snowy brow,
Friendship's fair wreath with it was joined,
And life was spanned with Hope's bright bow.

Her coral lips, her soft blue eyes,
On memory's tablet are engraven;
E'en now as then, she seems to rise,
Fair as a seraph bright from heaven.
Then, giddy crowds their homage paid,
And listened her sweet voice to hear;
Her slightest mandate was obeyed,
As fairy queen, the maiden were.

Again I saw her—time had passed,
The coral from her lips had faded;
Her fragile form was wasting fast,
And Hope's gay bow, dark clouds o'er-shaded.
Her youthful hopes, alas! had flown,
She'd lived to see them all depart;
Lovers and friends, all, all were gone,
And broken was poor Emma's heart.

I gazed upon that angel face,
Though sadly changed, it still was fair;
And still was hers that nameless grace,
Which she was ever wont to wear:—
Consumption's carmine tinged her cheek,
It rested on a hand of snow;
Her eyes were raised with look so meek,
It seemed to heaven she longed to go.

How sweetly placid was her mien!
As though to God each care resigning—
Her sainted spirit e'er had been,
Through all, subdued and unrepining:
Yet rose a sigh, though half suppress'd,
A tear was glistening in her eye:—
That life was dear—heaved her fair breast?
Or was it that she feared to die?

Oh no! 'twas Slander's poisonous tongue,
That thus her bosom's peace invaded;
On her fair fame a blight it flung,
And all her youthful prospects shaded:
For this, her bosom heaved the sigh,
For this, the pearly drop arose,
That on her fame a stain must lie,
When she should sleep in death's repose.

But Emma, innocence was thine,
It soothed thee in thy deepest sorrow;
The Gospel too, on thee did shine,
And bade thee hope for happier morrow.
Oh! even thy foes began to feel,
As o'er thy dying couch they hung,
They'd been to thee as pointed steel,
And from thy heart its life-blood wrung.

Yet, once again, that maid I viewed—
The carmine had her cheek forsaken;
Her lips were pale, but still endued
With that sweet smile which Hope doth waken:
Cold was her brow, and closed those eyes
Whose glances once so thrilling were;

The tear was dried, and hushed the sigh,
For Death then held dominion there.
Oh, ne'er a fairer maiden fell
A victim to the Slanderer's power!
'Twere bootless here the wrongs to tell,
Which crushed so young, so fair a flower.
Depraved, indeed, and heartless those,
Who Slander's venom thus employ,
To swell the sum of human woes,
The peace of innocence destroy! MARION.

From the Bangor Whig.

The Muffled Knocker.

GRIEF! grief! 'tis thy symbol so mute and clear,
Yet it hath a tale to the listening ear
Of the nurse's care, and the curtained bed,
And the baffled healer's cautious tread,
And the midnight lamp, with its fitful light,
Half screened from the restless sufferer's sight:
Yes!—many a sabled scene of wo,
Does that Muffled Knocker's tablet show.

Pain! pain! art thou wrestling here with man
For the broken goal of his wasted span?
Art thou straining the rack on his starting nerve,
Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve,
Till burning tears from his eye balls flow,
And his manhood yields in a shriek of wo?
Methinks thy scorpion sting I trace,
Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death! death! do I see thee with weapon-dread?
Art thou laying thy hand on the cradle-bed
The mother is there, with her sleepless eye,
She disputeth each step of thy victory—
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is to be in her idol's place:
She hath bared her breast to the arrow's sway,
But thou wilt not be bribed from that babe away.

Earth! earth! thou dost stamp on that scroll of bliss,
The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,
Where the bridal lamp shone clear and bright,
And the feet through the maze of the dance was light,
Thou biddest the black-robed weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel:
And still, to the heart that will heed its lore,
True Wisdom doth speak from the muffled door.

L. H. S.

What is Love?

WHAT is Love?—a rainbow glory,
Cradled in a stormy cloud;
Glow-worm of a fairy story,
Spangling beauty's winding shroud.

Born in smiles, but nursed in sorrow,
Love's the child of weeping skies,
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,
Soon the fleeting splendor dies.

Yet with all of evil round it,
Like a jewel darkly set,
Dear as loving hearts have found it,
How can they its light forget?

There's a sweetness in its anguish,
There's a music in its sigh;
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,
Still it lives, it cannot die.

Though relentless fate may sever
Hearts that love would fain unite,
Mem'ry's star shall linger ever
O'er that fount of young delight.

All things fade away, and leave us;
Youth, and health, and fortune wane,
Hopes betray, and friends deceive us,
Still we hug love's rosy chain.

Like the cloistered vestal, telling,
Every holy bead with tears,
Love, in gentle bosoms dwelling,
Counts the joys of vanished years.

From the Albany Zodiac.

The Silver Hair.

GRIEF has not furrowed o'er my cheek,
Nor yet the lines of care
Nor age, the fatal signet set—
Then why this silver hair!

To me not all the valued lore,
The son of science blesses,
Can boast the thrilling eloquence
This single hair possesses.

'Tis wisdom's early monitor,
That youth's gay hours have flown!
One glance will tell the stream is passed—
Our folly's Rubicon. V. R.

AGENTS

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James F. Whitney, No. 150 Water-street, Albany—
Thomas Netterville, Athens—Charles G. Irish, Buffalo—
Geo. Ramsey, P. M. Brewerton—Jesse Soper, Brighton—
Charles S. Willard, Catskill—Thomas Robertson, Cam-
bridge—Elijah Ker, P. M. Collins—Homer Strong, Darien—
John D. Dietrich, East Mendon—W. P. Koukle Elmira—
Harrison Burges, Erieville—W. D. Shaw, Fluvanna—
Horton Grandy, Glen's Falls—E. B. Doane, Hartford—
Geo. G. Vandenberg, Hillsdale—Isaac Haight, Hart's Val-
ley—John H. Robinson, Henrietta—A. Viele, Little Falls—
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Paltz Landing—J. D. Standish, North Granville—Benj.
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boro—W. W. Davis, North Amherst—G. Childs, North-
field—J. M. Hills, South Orange—O. D. Freeman, Sutton—
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Stanley, Jr. Lenox—Jesse Clement, Dracut—Benj. F. Whit-
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M. Landers, New-Britain—W. Albertson, New-London—
Wm. A. Clark, Monroe.

Vermont.

Hollis Burt, Brattleborough—M. Huntington, Benning-
ton—Geo. Sturtevant, Jr. Westminster.

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Michigan Territory.

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E. B. Kimball, Galena.

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